

House for those without a home during the holidays and donated 1,200 toys to children last year alone.

Barbara Jean Brown was born in Shreveport, LA, and moved to the bay area at the age of 5. After marrying, she had three children and lived in San Francisco's Bayview district, where she headquartered her community efforts. In addition to her life of public service, she supported herself through clerical and administrative work, including a term working in advertising for San Francisco's major newspapers, the Chronicle and the Examiner.

She began her charity work partnering with her eldest son, J.J. When he died at age 34, she invested the little money he left her into what would become the Bayview Hope Homeless Resource Center. Every dollar she later received from sponsorships and gifts went directly to her projects. Mother Brown demonstrated extraordinary generosity and selflessness.

San Francisco was fortunate to have this remarkable woman in our midst. Those whom she helped, served, cared for, and inspired will sorely miss her. However, her legacy continues as she leaves behind the Bayview Hope Homeless Resource Center and Mother Brown's Dining Room to carry on the mission she started so long ago.

CHEMISTRY WEEK RESOLUTION

HON. RUSH D. HOLT

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

Mr. HOLT. Mr. Speaker, as we face the concern about the United States' ability to sustain its scientific and technological superiority throughout this decade and beyond, when we are losing jobs to more technologically literate nations, and when our science, technology, engineering, and mathematics education is in need of serious attention and renovation, it is important that we consider this resolution recognizing the importance of chemistry in our everyday lives, and in particular with the toys that we, or our children, grandchildren, or family members play with today. That is why today I am introducing along with Representative VERNON EHLERS a resolution recognizing the importance and positive contributions of chemistry to our everyday lives and supporting the goals and ideals of National Chemistry Week.

We have all seen the joy and wonder of children at play, and we can certainly all recall our favorite childhood toys, such as Silly Putty, the Slinky, and the Etch-a-Sketch. In fact, the astronauts on the Apollo 8 mission carried Silly Putty with them to alleviate boredom and to help fasten down tools during periods of weightlessness. Silly Putty came to us as a product of chemistry; Silly Putty is a polymer of isoprene.

BusinessWeek Online ran an article with the subtitle "Toymakers are pushing the boundaries in artificial intelligence, wireless communications, and virtual realities. And the benefits are flowing to other industries as well." The military, the medical field, gamers, chemists, and material scientists all connect to the toy industry. Chemists and material scientists have created such materials as self-healing plastics, giving toys and many other consumer goods a longer lifetime.

The curiosity that toys ignite through the "why did it do that?" and "how did that happen?" invigorate the exploration and discovery of the world around us. Many scientists and engineers turn to toys for moments of respite and of inspiration. Innovations in technology, at times can be traced back to moments with toys. That is why this year's theme of National Chemistry Week, "The Joy of Toys", is relevant. What better ways to inspire and educate the potential chemists and engineers of tomorrow but through the loved experiences of playing with toys and learning what has made all the fun possible?

Toys spark imagination, imagination fuels innovation. The celebration of chemistry, a science which is the backbone to the health of many industries including pharmaceuticals, electronics, automotive, and aerospace, through the chemistry of toys is worthy of our wholehearted support. It is in the best interest of our Nation to create both a curiosity and a desire to understand our world to fuel a technological and scientifically literate, critical thinking population to carry us forward in the 21st century.

RECOGNITION OF HON. ROBERT J. STAKER

HON. NICK J. RAHALL II

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

Mr. RAHALL. Mr. Speaker, it is with great honor that I pay tribute to a devoted public servant, the Honorable Robert J. Staker. Judge Staker is retiring as Judge of the United States District Court of the Southern District of West Virginia after 26 years of service.

A long and distinguished history of accomplishment and public service marks Judge Staker's career. He served his country in the United States Navy in the 1940's. Judge Staker attended both Marshall University and West Virginia University, and received his law degree from West Virginia University College of Law in 1952. Judge Staker has committed himself to serving the people of West Virginia as a member of the legal profession.

He practiced law in Williamson, West Virginia from 1952 until 1968. He served as Judge of the Circuit Court of Mingo County from January 1969 to September 1979, when he assumed his current office as Judge of the United States District Court of the Southern District of West Virginia in Huntington. Judge Staker continued his career by becoming a Senior United States District Judge on January 1, 1965.

Judge Staker's tenure on the federal bench was one marked by common sense and common justice for all. It has been said that those who clearly recognize the voice of their own conscience, usually recognize also the voice of justice. Judge Staker's legacy on the federal court will echo the voice of justice for generations to come.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that my colleagues join me today in congratulating Judge Staker on his admirable career. It is with tremendous gratitude and appreciation for his extensive service to the community and deep love of the law that we honor his distinguished service. Together with his wife Sue Blankenship Poore, and his two sons J. Timothy Poore and Don-

ald Seth Staker, I offer to him my sincerest wishes for great success in all his future endeavors as he begins the next chapter of his life.

INTERNATIONAL DAY OF PEACE

HON. TAMMY BALDWIN

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

Ms. BALDWIN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the International Day of Peace, a world-wide observance of 24 hours of non-violence and global cease-fire.

The International Day of Peace was first established by the United Nations in 1981 to coincide with the opening session of the UN every September, and, in 2001, was unanimously adopted by Member States to formally recognize the day on September 21 of each year. Today, citizens across the globe will mark this occasion. I know that there are many of my constituents observing the International Day of Peace, affirming a vision of our world at peace, and fostering cooperation between individuals, organizations and nations.

I hope that individuals will take the opportunity today to consider what they can do to promote unity and cultural understanding, and help make the idea of peace not just a utopian dream, but something that humankind can achieve. I applaud the efforts of Member States, organizations of the United Nations, governmental and nongovernmental agencies, as well as civil societies and religious groups for their promotion of the International Day of Peace and the principles of peace and non-violence through education and public awareness efforts.

As Secretary General Kofi Annan stated, "24 hours is not a lot of time." Please join me in taking a few moments today to reflect on our aspirations for peace and the measures we will take to achieve them on this International Day of Peace 2005.

RECOGNIZING THE CENTRAL OREGON CROP WALK

HON. GREG WALDEN

OF OREGON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

Mr. WALDEN of Oregon. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize a very special event that is taking place in the heart of the 2nd Congressional District on Sunday, September 25, 2005—the Central Oregon Crop Walk. This weekend, over 125 walkers will gather in Bend, Oregon to raise awareness and funds to fight hunger at home in Central Oregon and in nearly 80 countries around the world.

Since 1998, this gathering has become an annual event in Bend and is now in its 8th year. This Fall, walkers participating in the Central Oregon Crop Walk join Oregonians in four other communities—Baker City, Hood River, Corvallis and Grants Pass—and 1,800 Walks nationwide, to make a real difference toward ending hunger one step at a time. Money raised by walkers in Oregon and around the nation supports Church World

Service, an organization of 36 religious denominations united together to relieve poverty and aid in social and economic development. I applaud Oregonians participating in local Crop Walks and am very pleased to see so many faith groups coming together to support food programs that provide relief to families in our community and around the world.

Events like Crop Walks are a vital link in the chain of services—public and private—that provide for the most needy in our Nation and the working poor that struggle to make ends meet each month. There are also several pieces of important Congressional legislation that would move our Nation closer to resolving the challenge of food insecurity and hunger. The Hunger Free Communities Act (H.R. 2717) sets a goal of ending hunger by the year 2015 along with establishing grant programs that would support local food programs and improve the coordination of Federal, State and local nutrition services. The Stop Senior Hunger Act (H.R. 1792), which renews the federal commitment to locally-administered programs like Meals on Wheels and congregate meal programs at local senior centers, is another important component in tackling hunger by targeting the vulnerable senior population. Finally, common sense measures like the Relief Trucking Tax Credit Act (H.R. 1954), which would give transportation and trucking companies a 25-cent/mile tax credit for volunteering trucks and drivers to transfer charitably donated food for hunger relief efforts, will help more food reach those in need. Because hunger is a problem that can take a variety of faces and forms in communities around the country, resolving it requires a variety of approaches. For this reason, I am proud to be a cosponsor of each of these measures and am hopeful that when they are combined with efforts like the Crop Walk that hunger and food insecurity will be a challenge that we overcome once and for all.

I urge my colleagues to support these sound legislative endeavors, and join me in highlighting the outstanding work of participants of Crop Walks occurring throughout Oregon.

HONORING ALVINA KENNEDY ON THE OCCASION OF HER 75TH BIRTHDAY

HON. MARK R. KENNEDY

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

Mr. KENNEDY of Minnesota. Mr. Speaker, as my mother approaches her 75th birthday, I would like to share with my colleagues what a wonderful encouragement and inspiration she has been to me, my family and so many others.

Alvina Dorothy Weber was born to Raymond and Helen Weber and graduated from high school in Benson, Minnesota. Her family had earlier lived for a time on a farm near Harold, South Dakota. Growing up on the frontier gave her a thankful heart for the many blessings we enjoy as Americans and a determination to make the most of those blessings. Her father Ray was of German Heritage and ran the local Sinclair service station in Benson. Her mother Helen was a Page whose English ancestors arrived in Hingham, Massachusetts in the mid-1600s.

I remember getting together with the Weber family gathering during the Christmas holidays and Ray and Helen giving each of their children—Phyllis, Kenneth, Donald, Robert and my mother—a nativity set that has formed the centerpiece of our family's Christmas decorations for the decades that followed.

My mother worked at the hospital in Benson where I was born and married my father Eugene Thomas Kennedy, a graduate of the high school in nearby Murdock. After a short period living in Hunter, North Dakota, when my oldest sister Monica was born, they returned to Murdock where my father worked at the Murdock State Bank. We lived in a home built by my grandparents, Charles and Rose Kennedy, right across the street from the Sacred Heart Church. It was in that house that my siblings Nancy, Steven, Peggy and I began our lives and in that church that my parents had us baptized. It was a grand old house with a fine porch, where we would often gather on summer days. I fondly remember peeking through the railings of the stairs and watching my parents visit with company when we were supposed to be in bed, riding my tricycle on the sidewalk and playing in our sandbox. My last memory of living in Murdock was when my mother gathered all of us children around the yellow-topped kitchen table to tell us that we were moving for the opportunity of a better job for my father. My father could have earned more money in the Cities, but my parents wanted to raise their children in the country, where neighbors really knew each other and cared about each other.

While living at our new home in the country just outside of Pequot Lakes, Minnesota where my parents still reside, she brought the final of her seven children—David and Neil—into the world. My mother took her parenting responsibilities very seriously. She would regularly sit all of us children down in the living room and read us newspaper clippings so we knew how the things she and my dad taught us applied to the world around us. She still sends me clippings regularly and calls to make sure that I am reading them.

She taught us to care. We would all line up by the front door on the first day of school to take a picture with our new “back to school” clothes. Every year, she told each of us to be on the look out for children that were new to the school. She encouraged us to reach out to them and make them feel welcome.

She taught us how to share. If there was only one brownie left and two children, she let one child cut it in half and the other get the first pick as to which half to choose. She and my father encouraged us as children to contribute to charities of our choice, particularly during the holiday season.

She taught us responsibility and to hold ourselves to high standards, in part through our 4-H projects whether it be weeding the garden or caring for livestock—Hereford cattle in my case, chickens in the case of my sister. She would get very frustrated when other children misbehaved and their parents responded, “My Johnnie wouldn’t do that.” She made it clear to us that in our case, she would consider us guilty until proven innocent if anyone called her about our behavior. If we tried to get permission to do some activity based on some other child being allowed to do so, she would reply, “Is his last name Kennedy?”

The feeding, caring and guiding of seven children was more than a full time job. She

dedicated her life to that task. My mother has many positive qualities. Among those qualities is the ability to put on a great meal. A positive side effect of my sister raising chickens was that we had chicken dinner nearly every Sunday. My mother makes the best chicken gravy and the best brownies. Our normal meal when we had company was Swedish meat balls, which always baffled me since no one in our family had a drop of Swedish blood. In any case, they were always tasty.

She taught us to persevere. I started out with Little League when I was young and found that I really wasn’t as good as the town boys that played a lot more growing up than I did. I was having difficulty fitting in with the group of boys that were largely strangers to me and certainly better ball players. She said that it was OK for me not to go out for baseball the next year, but that Kennedys were not quitters. She would not let me quit, a lesson that has stuck with me throughout my life.

She and my father have always been strong in their faith and have taken every opportunity to engender the light of faith in their children and grandchildren. We never missed mass, often prayed together and are still regularly reminded of our overriding mission to serve God’s Will, not our own. My mother is a very active volunteer at St. Alice Catholic Church and encouraged my father to help lead the effort to build a larger church building. To encourage our good behavior during services, we were rewarded by being able to buy two cents worth of candy at the penny candy case at Pfeiffer’s drug store if we behaved. We could have anything we wanted as long as it totaled two cents.

My parents spent time together in their early years in Rural Youth and were big fans of 4-H. To give their children the same opportunities, my mother spearheaded forming a 4-H club, which to me was critical since I met my wife Debbie in 4-H. As the prime leader of the Pelican Lakes 4-H Club, it grew to the largest and most active in the county. My mother would regularly be on the lookout for young people that needed positive influences in their lives and pulled them into the 4-H club to provide those influences.

My parents valued education highly. My mother encouraged my father’s participation as a school board member for 27 years at Pequot Lakes Public High School, where my father helped lead the effort to build a new school complex. We would regularly hear my mother pass on her advice to our father on issues before the school board.

As an insurance agent in the local bank and homemaker, my mother and father got all seven of us children through college, our family’s first generation of college grads. All seven of us earned degrees at St. John’s University or the College of St. Benedict. They gave us \$500 a year for four years, not five—four, and taught us how to work so we could earn the rest.

Even though my parents had never been to Europe, my mother really encouraged us to participate in the international exchange programs at college, and contributed an extra \$500 to defray part of the costs if we did. Debbie and I were blessed to be able to welcome my mother and father to Europe for the first time and tour them around for three weeks when I was participating in an exchange program in graduate school in the Netherlands. My mother really wanted us to